

Day O Day (A Love So Free)

Hiss Golden Messenger

The sky was a braid of many colors
And it was snowing just outside the motel down in Shreveport
I left my mandolin in the rain in Coushatta
That was yesterday time

I took the old path through the white clouds in a shower
I smoked my mind up in the old hotel down in Cairo
Where I tried to rack up all my tomorrow's tomorrows
And it was just wasted time

O day, O day
O day, O day
Now Bess can sing it
O day, O day

I'm gonna put all my pain in a bottle
And throw it all the way deep down into the East River
Then walk that way with my head up like the poet
With a rose in my jaw

O day, O day
O day, O day
Now Bess can sing it
O day, O day

With a love so free
A love so free
With a love so free
A love so free
With a love so free
A love so free
With a love so free
A love so free